https://sansdatelimite.livejournal.com/50587.html?thread=293531#t293531

Cas has seen plenty of guys come through the shop, following behind their girlfriends or wives or, hell, sometimes even mothers. They all stand awkwardly in the middle of the bins and shelves, hands stuffed into their pockets, obviously at a loss.

His new customer, however, he's different. He touches things, picks up the merchandise to check its quality and heft, compares colorways and textures.

All he has to say to Cas that first day is "hey, you got something close to this dye lot in a silk/bamboo blend?" and that's it.

Dean's a knitter, a legitimate *knitter*, and Cas thinks he's in love.

Dean discovers what Castiel's intense looks mean the day he accidentally pulls an entire shelf of yarn down on top of him and Castiel.

He lands in cheap acrylic yarns (red & pink colors, the stuff Castiel offers for the quick Valentine's Day projects) and on Castiel, and they are nose to nose and hell-o he's never felt that before.

Castiel's eyes are wide, Dean can feel his arousal against his leg, and he'll be damned, he's getting hard too.

He's never seen Castiel blush, but it's only for a split second before Dean is getting up and scrambling to put the yarn back. It's all automatic, he's babbling apologies and helping Castiel up, but Castiel's still blushing.

Dean knows this because he saw Castiel's face in the seconds before Castiel dragged him into a kiss.

The pink ball of yarn that he was holding falls from his fingers as Castiel plunders his mouth, and then Dean is kissing back.

Castiel's eyes are wide, and then Castiel is pulling back and away and turning to go, but Dean manages to make himself grab onto the sleeve of Castiel's ridiculous trench coat that he never stops wearing.

"I'm sorry," Castiel says, clearly expecting anger, but Dean can't stop a startled laugh.

"I want your number," He finally says.

"What?"

"Ah, well, you can't exactly close your shop early, and I want to kiss you some more, so I thought I'd call and see if I could come over later?" Dean is still babbling. He's going to kick himself.

Castiel licks his lips, still looking as spooked as a deer in headlights, but abruptly that fades.

"I actually can close my store early." He says, and looks at Dean. "I am due for a day off."

"...ah?" Dean doesn't know what to say. He lets go when Castiel tugs his sleeve free.

Castiel darts off to the front room, Dean realizes that the shop is empty and sends a thankful prayer up to whoever's listening, and then Castiel is back, and kissing him again.

When they come up for air, Dean finally has enough of himself back to say "I still want your number for later."

"That is agreeable." Castiel says.

"And before I leave here I need to see your orange and pink wools." (Sam whines that he wants a scarf, he gets a scarf, but he doesn't get to complain about the colors.)

Castiel's mouth quirks, and he nods again. "That is also agreeable."

Then he kisses Dean again, and it's not long before Dean is finding out that the hand-knit rug that covers the floor is also wool.

(It also is going to give him awful burns on his knees later, but it'll be a cold day in Hell before Dean complains about *that*.)